Queen Maggie Wheeler by BCI603

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Queen Maggie Wheeler

Fun fact: I'm still alive! Also, this was supposed to have been up a long long time ago during Mileven week and I'm not sure why I didn't put it on here? It's on AO3 so who knows. Anyways, I hope you guys like it!

I am slowly but surely working on HR, C2 and PM guys I promise! I've got more written for PM than anything else so that'll probably be the first story I update.

Late November 1987

"Maggie! Get up or you're gonna be late!" Karen yelled, banging on the door. Maggie groaned, rolling over and nearly falling off the bed. She sat up and stared at the wall for a good two minutes before finally getting up and rushing to get ready. She didn't have time to do anything to her her hair so she put half of it up, the rest falling slightly below her shoulders and curling at the ends- and threw on a pair of jeans and a sweater.

"Don't forget your gym bag!" Holly called as Maggie opened the door.

"Thanks Hols!" She wasn't gonna tell her that she forgot it already, backtracking and picking it up before running down the stairs and out the door without breakfast. She met Dustin and Lucas on the corner with a grin.

"Nice hair, Wheeler."

"You're one to talk, Henderson." She replied, "Did you forget about the snowball? Damn birds nest looking shit." Dustin pouted.

"Maggie?" Lucas asked as the three continued on their bikes.

"What." She huffed.

"Do you need a snickers?"

"Fuck off!" She laughed, shaking her head at him. They eventually

met up with Will at school, where he had some news for them.

"So, you guys know how my mom has been seeing this guy for a couple months?" He asked them and they nodded. "It's Chief Hopper." He said.

"No way!" Dustin shoved him playfully.

"Yeah!" Will laughed. "He and his son Eli had dinner with us last night- that's how they told us." Maggie turned pink at the mention of Eli. Hopper had moved back to Hawkins from Chicago at the beginning of the year, and despite not having ever talked to Eli- she had the biggest crush on him.

"Maggie has a giant crush on your future step-brother, Will." Dustin said, clapping him on the back. "You guys might be sibling in-laws one day."

"Is that even a term you can use?" Maggie asked, making a face. "And no I do *not* !"

"Why'd you turn pink then, hm?" Lucas asked, grinning cheekily.

"Like you're not in love with Max." She huffed, crossing her arms. Lucas flipped her off.

"It's okay if you have a crush on him, Mags." Will told her, shrugging. "Also, they haven't been together very long so I don't know about being siblings." He chuckled.

"You never know. I heard they dated back in high school." Lucas said with a shrug.

"How do *you* know that?" Maggie asked, eyebrows raised.

"My mom went to school with his mom, dipshit!" She flipped him off. The bell rang and with annoyed groans, the group of four made their way into the school for first period.

See, the thing about Eli Hopper is he's cute- and sweet according to some people. She wouldn't know. That's all she can say without going into detail for hours, though. He was smart- very good at math and

science- they shared those two classes. He hated reading out loud in English according to Lucas, who had that class with him. Dustin had gym with him and said he wasn't the most active, and dodged dodgeballs until he was the last one standing.

Science- or Chemistry if you want to be specific- was in third period with Eli, Lucas and Max- Eli's best friend. Maggie and Lucas usually paired up for labs but it seems Mrs. Brown has other plans today.

"I'm assigning your partners today." She held up a stack of cards. At the beginning of the year she had every student in the class write their name on a card so that she could pick groups later on in the year. "First off is… Annie and Jennifer. Blake and Jasmine. Lucas and Max. Amber and Jackson. Maggie and Eli." Maggie's heart stopped for a good ten seconds, it seemed, and she looked at Lucas who was giving her a grin. She glared at him and swallowed, and looked at Eli- who sat on the other side of the room. He was looking at her. She looked away quickly, sinking in her seat and listening to the teacher give out directions.

"Um, hi?" Eli said, standing in front of her. She jumped, dropping the pencil she'd been tapping, and looked at him. "Can you move your bag? I didn't want to… touch anything I shouldn't." He said.

"Oh, uh, yeah, sorry." She moved her bag out of the seat next to her and put it under the table and he sat next to her. He put a piece of paper, a pair of tweezers, glue and a ball of tin foil in front of them. "The hell is this?" She asked, picking it up.

"Owl puke." He replied. She dropped it immediately.

"Ew." He chuckled.

"We have to dig through it and find all the bones of whatever the owl ate and regurgitated then identify it."

"That… is disgusting. I'm not touching it." He grinned and shrugged.

"You can use the tweezers and I'll do this." She nodded. They didn't say much after that, digging through the ball of fur and bones. It was a two day lab since it was so difficult to find all the little pieces and

there wasn't enough time in the period.

"So like… how tall are you?" He asked eventually.

"Five seven." She replied. *Oh my God why is he asking me this.*

"I'm five nine. You're tall for a girl." *Oh my God he said I'm tall.*

"They don't call me Queen Maggie for nothing." He paused for a second and looked at her, dark brown curls falling in his eyes.

"Who calls you that?" He asked.

"I'm, uh, I'm on the girls basketball team. Team captain. The *star* if you will." She shrugged.*Jesus Christ.* "Have you heard of King Steve?"

"Um, I think your friend Will mentioned him. Said that you guys friend Dustin is practically his little brother or something?" *Oh my God he knows who I'm friends with. Stop freaking out.*

"Yeah, everyone called him King Steve because he was awesome at basketball. They call me Queen Maggie- only for basketball though. Steve was cool as shit but I'm a giant nerd." *Jesus Christ, Maggie, why'd you call yourself a nerd. A* giant *one at that.* Eli chuckled.

"I only just started this year." *I'm aware.* "I think it's cool, though, that you're good at sports." She nodded. "I'm the worst. Also, I don't think you're a nerd. From what I've heard from Will you're pretty cool." *Oh my God he thinks I'm cool I'm gonna implode.*

"Start cleaning up guys, write your names on your paper. Bells gonna ring in two minutes." Mrs. Brown announced, and everyone began scrambling to pack up.

"Hey, uh, I think we have the next class on the same hall, I could maybe walk you?" Eli said, suddenly seeming shy. Maggie froze for two seconds and stood to her full height and flashed him a smile.

"Sure! Just let me tell Lucas, he usually walks with me." Eli nodded and waited by the door for her. A minute or so later she joined him. "He's gonna walk Max too."

"Good, knowing her, she'd attempt to murder someone if someone wasn't walking with her." Maggie snorted.

"I'm not sure Lucas will really help in that department." She said as the two made their way down the hall.

"She might chill out with him, she has a huge crush on him. Always talks about him." *Oh my God.*

"Really?" She asked, raising an eyebrow. "He's like, totally in love with her."

"I guess we have some matchmaking to do, huh?" He grinned at her and she grinned back.

"We definitely do."

And match making they did.

January 1988

The two didn't have to do much, though, as the two figured things out on their own and have now been dating for a month and a half. Maggie, on the other hand, is pretty sure she's falling in love. She and Eli had grown closer over the last month and a half, and were practically attached at the hip. He joined her and the rest of the party on D and D nights in her basement- her parents not even questioning it. He asked her about it one day, when it was just the two of them waiting on their friends.

"Your parents aren't bothered by the fact that most of your friends are guys?" Maggie shrugged.

"They don't exactly… care about me." She said simply. "My dad always wanted a son that was into sports, but he got three girls instead. I've been playing basketball since freshman year and he's not once gone to a game. My mom has gone to maybe three. She's more worried about Nancy and Holly- that good ol middle child syndrome, you know?"

"Wow, I… I'm sorry about that." He bit his lip and she shrugged

again.

"It's not your fault. I'm pretty sure they think I'm a lesbian because I've never had a boyfriend- when in reality I'm too nerdy and too tall for anyone to like me."

"I wouldn't say that." He mumbled.

"What?" She asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Uh… nothing?" He offered.

"No, I heard *something* . What was it? You know I'll annoy you until you tell me." He snorted and then sighed.

"I said that I wouldn't say that."

"Say what?"

"That you're too nerdy and too tall for someone to like you. I like you." He said confidently. She stared at him.

"Like… like me as friends or like like me?"

"This isn't middle school, Mags." He chuckled, biting his lip nervously. "But like like." Her eyes widened.

"Really?" She asked and he nodded. "Huh."

"It's, um, totally cool if you don't feel the same way-" He said, losing confidence.

"No, no! I do. I've liked you for a while." She said sheepishly. He smiled wide.

"I just… I think you're so pretty and talented. It's hard for me to *not* to like you."

"I'm not like… other girls. I hate wearing dresses and makeup and doing my hair-"

"I don't care." He shrugged with a smile. "It's another thing I like about you- you don't try to fit in like other girls. You don't care what

people think."

"I care what *you* think." She muttered.

"Well don't, I like you for you. Don't try and change for anyone, except yourself." She snorted.

"Sorry, I just can't believe this."

"I can't believe it either." They were quiet for a couple minutes.

"So, uh, what do we do now?"

"Um, well, I think I ask you out? I've never had a girlfriend either… So, will you go on a date with me?" He asked. She grinned wide.

"Yes."

March 1988

"Go Maggie go!" The party cheered as Maggie ran around the court, making baskets left and right- ultimately winning the game like she usually did. She was Queen Maggie after all. "Queen Maggie! Queen Maggie! It's your birthday!" They chanted and she laughed, because it was actually her birthday. She high fived her teammates and jogged over to her friends, furrowing her brows when she didn't see Eli.

"Where's my boyfriend?" She asked, confused. They shrugged.

"He went to the bathroom, I think." Will said. She nodded. She went and talked to the coach before leaving with her friends.

"I love basketball, but I'm so glad this was the last game of the season- What the hell?" There were roses thrown out all on the floor, leading to the exit, where Eli was standing with a nervous grin. She looked at her friends who gave her matching grins and she rolled her eyes fondly, walking towards him.

"What's all this for?" She asked upon reaching him.

"Well, one, happy birthday." He held up a wrapped box with a bow

on top. "And two, I uh, I know it's like, two months away, but will you go to prom with me?" She grinned, cheeks turning pink.

"You cheesy fucker, yes I'll go to prom with you."

May 1988

"I just want you to know that I am wearing shorts under this." Maggie said as she walked down the stairs with Max. Max was wearing dark brown, long sleeved romper that looked amazing on her and black heeled boots, her hair in a loose braid, light makeup on her face.

"Ugh, c'mon, Margaret." Karen said and Maggie scowled at the name. "You look beautiful in that dress, doesn't she Ted?" She elbowed her husband in the side and he nodded, barely glancing at his daughter.

"Yes, she does." Maggie flipped him off discreetly and Max laughed.

Her mom had forced her to go dress shopping- even though she wanted to wear something similar to Max- and they decided- after three *long* hours- to get a long, navy blue dress that flowed out from her waist slightly- not t0o big and bulky like Karen had wanted- with thin straps and a pair of black flats. Her hair was in her natural dark curls, half of it pinned up out of her face with light makeup like Max. She hated it.

"You're gonna get hot wearing shorts under it." She warned.

"I'll be alright. I'm sure they'll come off at some point." She said, shrugging.

"Margaret Wheeler!" Karen shrieked. Maggie slapped a hand over her mouth.

"Not what I meant!" She laughed. She looked at Eli, who was standing by the door with Lucas, both staring at them wide eyed, mouths dropped open. "You're gonna catch flies, Hopper." She said with a grin. He blushed and walked forward to give her the corsage. He put it on her wrist and she smiled at him.

"You look beautiful." He said, kissing her cheek. She blushed bright

red.

"You look good too."

"Picture time!"

"Mom!"

"Do you want to dance?" Eli asked as a slow song started- Every Breath You Take by The Police.

"You really want to dance with my lanky ass?"

"I mean yeah, you are my girlfriend. I'd like to dance with you." Maggie snorted and nodded.

"Yeah, c'mon. You're gonna regret this." She said with a grin. He shrugged and let her lead him onto the dance floor. He put his hands on her waist and hers around his neck and they swayed to the beat.

"I love this song." She told him. He nodded in agreement.

"It's a good one."

"Sounds like me before we talked for the first time." She said, snorting. He raised an eyebrow.

"What do you mean?"

"I used to, uh, watch you? From a distance. I had the biggest crush on you, I swear." He laughed as she blushed.

"I did the same, honestly. I always saw you in the hall and thought you were pretty. Max teased me constantly." She laughed.

"Lucas and Dustin teased me too. Will is the supportive one out of the group."

"So if those three are the teasing one's, Will is supportive, what are we?"

"I'm the angry emo girl and you're the adorable supportive boyfriend

that cares about everyone." She said matter of factly.

"Yeah, that's… that's accurate." She smacked his arm and he laughed, throwing his head back. "God, I love you." Maggie froze, looking at him in surprise. Eli's eyes widened at what he said. "Um…"

"You love me?" She asked. He nodded, gulping nervously. She leaned forward and pressed her lips to his, placing her hands on both sides of his face. He kissed back immediately, pulling away only for air. "I love you too." She whispered. His smile could light up the whole room and he hugged her.

April 1989

"Hey Hoppers! Open the damn door!" Maggie yelled excitedly, banging on their front door. A few seconds later an angry looking Hopper opened the door.

"What do you want, Wheeler?" He sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose.

"Do see your son. I got my letter and we want to open them together."

"Oh, yeah, he wouldn't shut up about it." He moved to the side and let him in. "I'll go wake him up, put some eggos in the toaster, would you?" She nodded and practically *skipped* into the kitchen and put her letter next to his on the counter and got the eggos out, grabbing the whipped cream and squirting some in her mouth as she waited.

"That's disgusting." Eli said as he walked in, hair sticking up in random places. "But hello, love." He smiled at her and she grinned back, looking like a chipmunk with all the whipped cream in her mouth. She gave him a wave and swallowed it, pecking him on the lips. The three ate breakfast together before Hopper got up and handed them their letter, and they looked at each other.

"This is for Louisiana Tech, right?" He asked, and they nodded and looked at each other. "Well? Go on, open them!" They ripped into the envelopes and gave themselves multiple papercuts, and Maggie literally *squealed* when she read hers. "What the *hell* was that?"

Hopper laughed and she shrugged, looking at Eli who had a big grin on his face too.

"We got in?" She asked, and he nodded. "We got in!"

May 1989

"Your dad is a grade A asshole and doesn't deserve you." Eli said, hugging Maggie tight. Ted Wheeler didn't come to his daughters graduation, with no excuse whatsoever, he just didn't show up.

"What did I do to make him hate me?" She croaked, wiping at her eyes.

"You didn't do *anything* , okay?" Will said, joining them and rubbing her shoulder. "He's a giant dick that's gonna regret it one day."

"I'll make sure he does." Max said with a sniff.

"You don't need him." Dustin said. "When you get rich and famous for playing basketball he's gonna try running back." Maggie laughed wetly at that, shaking her head and pulling away from Eli.

"Thanks, guys. You're right. Still hurts, though, but it doesn't surprise me." Eli rubbed a hand up and down her arm comfortingly.

Later on that night, after a D and D session, everyone was asleep except for the two of them. They were lying on the couch together, her head on his chest while he played with her hair.

"You excited for next fall?" He asked her. She nodded.

"Biomedical engineering here I come!" He raised an eyebrow at her. "And, you know, basketball." He snorted.

"They'll be calling you Queen Maggie there too." She snorted, shaking her head.

"I doubt that, Eli." She said, but smiled at him. "Thank you though. I'm just glad we're able to to this together."

"Me too." He kissed the top of her head and they fell into a comfortable silence, eventually falling asleep.

Fun fact: They called her Queen Maggie up until she retired.